A Parker Brothers Story Book

Strawberry Shortcake™ and Pets on Parade

Story By Kathleen N. Daly
Pictures By Pat Sustendal

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Strawberry Shortcake

and Pets on Parade

Story by Kathleen N. Daly
Pictures by Pat Sustendal

CHILDRENS PRESS CHOICE
A Parker Brothers title selected for educational distribution
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"Good morning, Mister Sun!" sang Strawberry Shortcake.

"Meow!" said Custard, the polka-dot kitten.

"Hello there," beamed the Sun. "Where are you going?"

"To the Pet Parade!" said Strawberry. "Custard won first prize last year, so this year we are going to be the judges. And this beautiful scooter is the first prize. It's 'berry, berry' pretty!" she added.

"Bah! How I hate Berry Talk," said the Purple Pieman who was hiding behind a tree spying on Strawberry. "It makes me want to scream! But I want that scooter. And you, Cap'n Cackle, are going to win it for me!"

"Caw," squawked Cackle, captain of the bad Berry Birds.

"You may be a bit messy now," said the Pieman, "but I'll soon make you look terrific from beak to tail. And if my plan works, you're sure to win first prize."

A few minutes later, the Purple Pieman put his evil plan into action.

"See, Cackle," he said, "my pie wagon is full of hidden cages. If I steal all the pets, then *you* will be the winner. Hee hee!"

However, when the Purple Pieman tried to push the wagon it was too heavy. He had to put it on the trolley tracks so it would move more easily.

But then, WHAM! The trolley came around the bend.

"What fool is riding the trolley at this time of day?" yelled the Pieman.

"Surely you remember me, Purpy? I'm Sour Grapes, your old partner in crime. And this is Dregs, my dear pet snake."

"EEEEK!" shrieked the Pieman. "I'm terrified of snakes! There's only one thing I hate more, and that's Berry Talk."

"Don't worry, Purpy, with my help you'll make Strawberry Shortcake look foolish," said Sour Grapes. "When it comes to cheat'n, I can't be beaten!"

"But *I'm* king of the bad guys!" said the Pieman.

"Then *I'm* the queen," answered Sour Grapes. "Now let's stop this silly argument and think of a really wicked plan."

The two put their heads together and whispered.

Dregs slithered around the tree, looking for Cackle.

Suddenly, Purpy and Sour Grapes jumped up.

"We've got it! Quick! We must go to Strawberry's house to do some stealing. Heh, heh!"

When Strawberry Shortcake got to Sunflower Market, she saw a pretty little girl, sitting all by herself.

"Hello," said Strawberry cheerily. "Who are you?"

"If you please, ma'm, I'm Angel Cake, thank you," said the little girl.

"Goodness, you are polite," said Strawberry. "Do you have a pet for the parade?"

"No, ma'm, I don't have. I'm sorry."

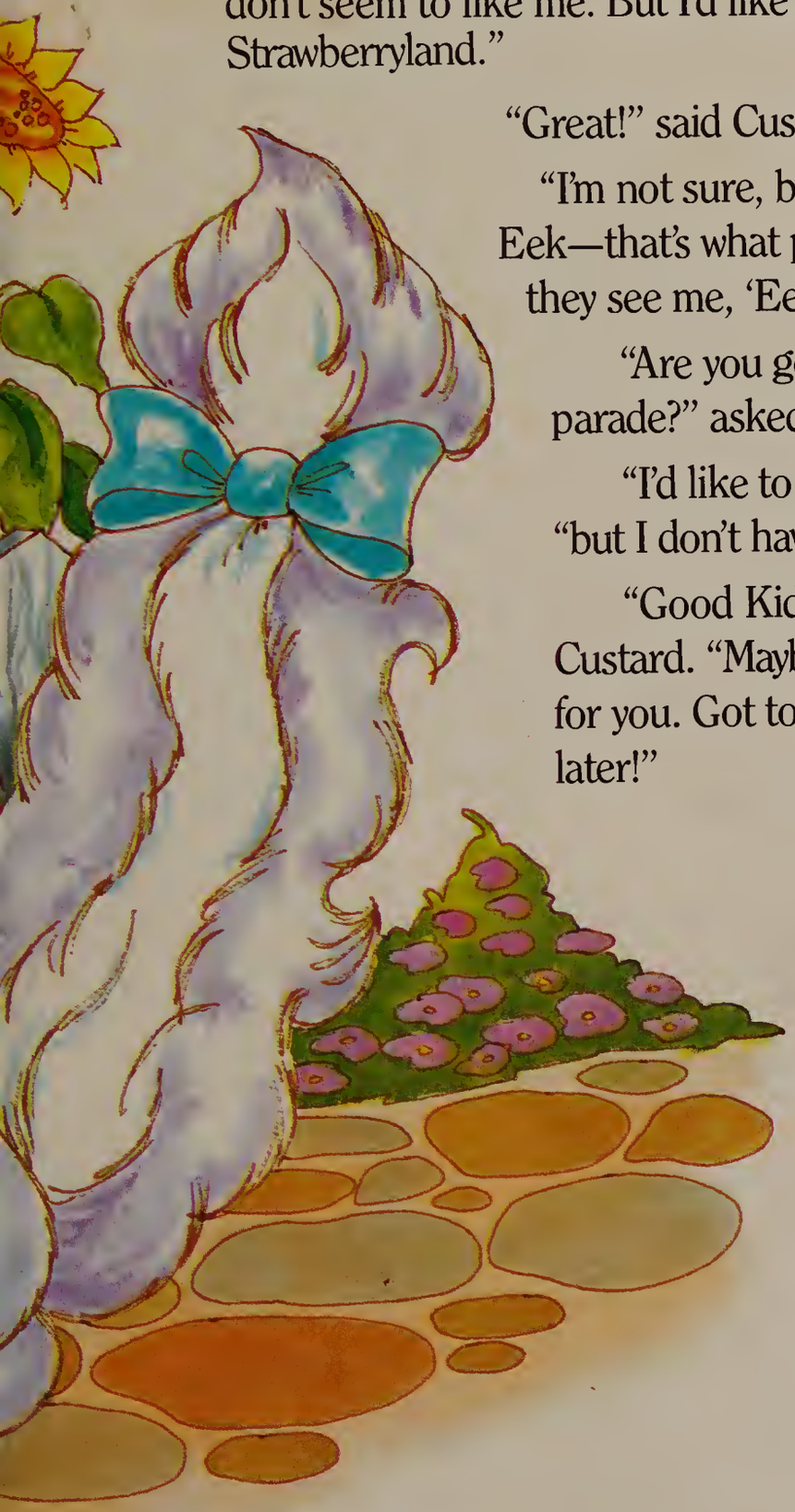
"Well, maybe we'll find one," said Strawberry.

"Oh yes, ma'm, please!" said Angel Cake.

PETS ON PARADE
JUDGE

"Hi," said Custard to a pretty skunk. "You're new around here!"

"Yes. I've been chased away from everywhere else. Folks don't seem to like me. But I'd like to stay here in Strawberryland."



"Great!" said Custard. "What's your name?"

"I'm not sure, but I think it's Eek—that's what people always say when they see me, 'Eeek—a skunk'!"

"Are you going to be in the pet parade?" asked Custard.

"I'd like to be," said the skunk, "but I don't have a Kid."

"Good Kids are hard to find," said Custard. "Maybe one will come along for you. Got to run now. See you later!"

The music began to play.

And the Kids and their pets came up on the stage.

First came Huckleberry Pie and Pupcake.

Pupcake yipped and barked and jumped up and down, his striped ears flying. Strawberry gave him eight points.

Then hippety-hop came
Hopsalot, the creamy white rabbit.

"Isn't he fantastic?"
said Apricot, who
liked big words.

"Yes, but Frappé Frog can jump higher," said Lemon Meringue, who came next.

"Who's next?" asked Strawberry. "Is anybody there? Oh there you are! It's Apple Dumplin'!"

Shyly, little Apple crept across the stage.

"And here comes Tea-time Turtle!"

All the pets were so 'berry' nice that Strawberry wondered to whom she'd give the prize.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a voice saying, "Hurry along there." It was Raspberry Tart and her little monkey, Rhubarb.

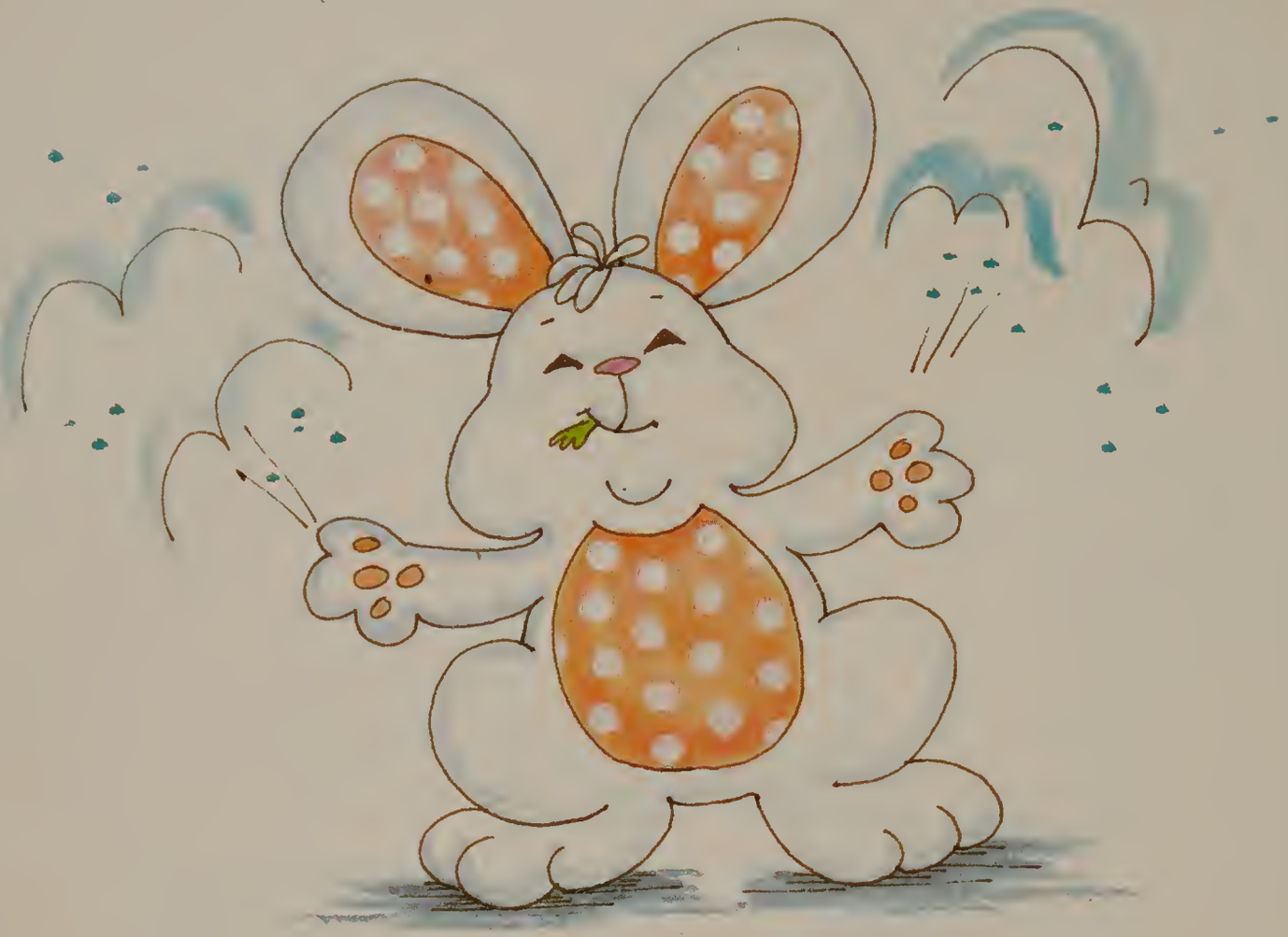
Rhubarb did cartwheels, and everybody laughed.

"Now for the talent contest," said Strawberry, when the parade was over.

"Wait," said a mailman with a long, red nose. "I have a package for Miss Strawberry Shortcake. Sign here, please."

"Oh, what a bother," groaned Strawberry. She heard a hum coming from the package, but she was in a hurry, so she quickly hid it in the corner. "We'll open it later, Custard. Let's start the talent contest please."

"Heh, heh,—she fell for it!" said the mailman, who was really the Purple Pieman in disguise.



Hopsalot made a carrot vanish.

Then Tea-time Turtle did a disappearing act.

Soon all the pets had shown off their tricks. Everybody clapped and cheered and had a good time.

"And now for the winner," said Strawberry Shortcake.

"Hey, just one minute," said the Purple Pieman.

"We've got two more pets here," said Sour Grapes. "Their names are Cackle and Dregs—the best of them all!"

"Mee-oww!" yowled Custard in an angry tone.

"Stop it, Custard," said Strawberry. "Everybody must get a chance to win."

Wiggling and cackling, the snake and the Berry Bird began to sing.

Everybody stared in amazement as the two made beautiful music. "Bravo!" shouted the crowd.

"It sounds so familiar," whispered Strawberry to Custard.

"More, more!" called Angel Cake, who loved music.

Cackle and Dregs started to sing again, but something very funny happened.

They were singing the same words over and over!

"Why, it sounds like my broken record player!" said Strawberry.

THANK YOU FOR
HELPING US CHEAT.
NOW CACKLE AND
DREGS ARE SU
TO WIN!
PURPL

"It *is* your record player!" said the Purple Pieman. "You know you hid it in the corner. You used it to help us cheat!"

"I don't believe it—please!" gasped Angel Cake.

"Well, then, take a look at this," said Sour Grapes. She dragged out the package that had been delivered. The tag on it said, "THANK YOU FOR HELPING US CHEAT. NOW CACKLE AND DREGS ARE SURE TO WIN. SIGNED, PURPY AND SOUR GRAPES."

"Boo! Shame on you, Strawberry! How could you?" shouted the other Kids.

Poor Strawberry! She was so upset by what the Kids were saying that she burst into tears and ran away as fast as she could.

"Hey Strawberry, don't run away," said the little skunk, who scampered after her. "I know how you feel. Everybody is always blaming me for things I didn't do. But if you want to win, hold up your chin. Get back on the track, and fight right back!"

"Oh Skunk, you are right!" said Strawberry, drying her tears. "I didn't cheat, and I won't let that old Pieman say I did. Let's march back together."

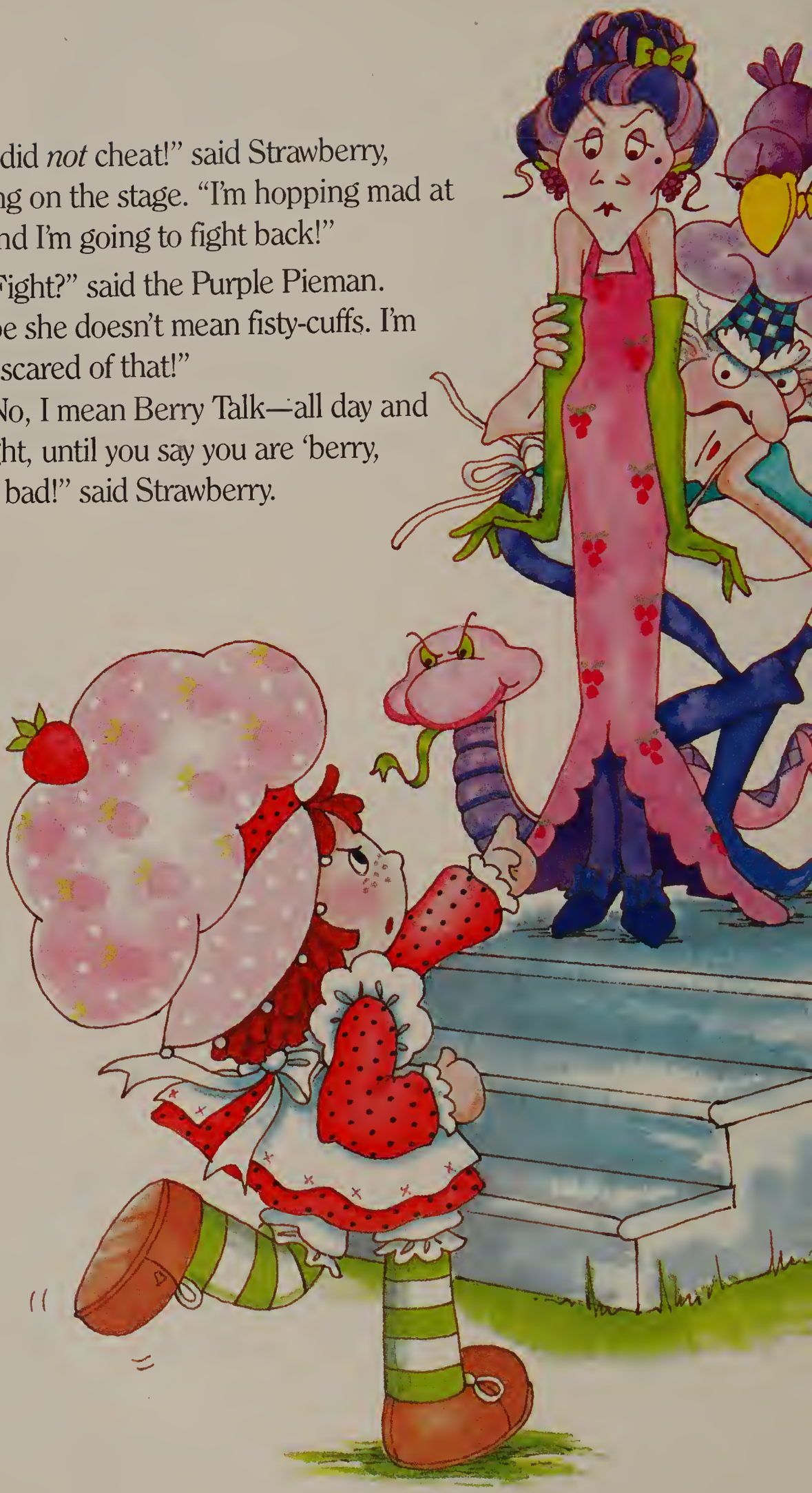
The Purple Pieman was talking to the crowd, having a wonderful time. "Strawberry *always* cheats, don't you know that?" he said.

"Why, we *all* cheat," said Sour Grapes, as Dregs slid around her feet. "It feels so *good* to cheat!"

"I did *not* cheat!" said Strawberry, jumping on the stage. "I'm hopping mad at you, and I'm going to fight back!"

"Fight?" said the Purple Pieman. "I hope she doesn't mean fisty-cuffs. I'm really scared of that!"

"No, I mean Berry Talk—all day and all night, until you say you are 'berry, berry' bad!" said Strawberry.



"No, no, anything but Berry Talk!" yowled the Pieman.

"Then admit you stole my record player before I become 'berry' angry!" said Strawberry.

"Yes, yes, I admit it," said the Pieman.
"But it was *her* idea!"
He pointed at Sour Grapes.

"Why, you horrible creature! Take that!" shrieked Sour Grapes, trying to hit the Pie Man with Dregs's tail.

"Eeeek! Let me out of here!" wailed the Pieman.

"Oh, I'm so glad; I knew in my heart that you didn't cheat, thank you," said Angel Cake.

"I'm glad too," said Strawberry. "But now I want to tell everybody how this little skunk helped me. She told me to fight back—and I won!"

"Well, we vote *her* the winner! Hurray!"

"But excuse, please," said Angel Cake. "For a pet to win, it must have a child to love it."

"You're right," said Strawberry.

"If you please," said Angel Cake, "I'll love this pet, thank you."

Angel Cake and the skunk hugged each other happily.

Strawberry Shortcake said, "Now for the prize—this beautiful scooter! And the winner is—oh, but, skunk, what is your name?"

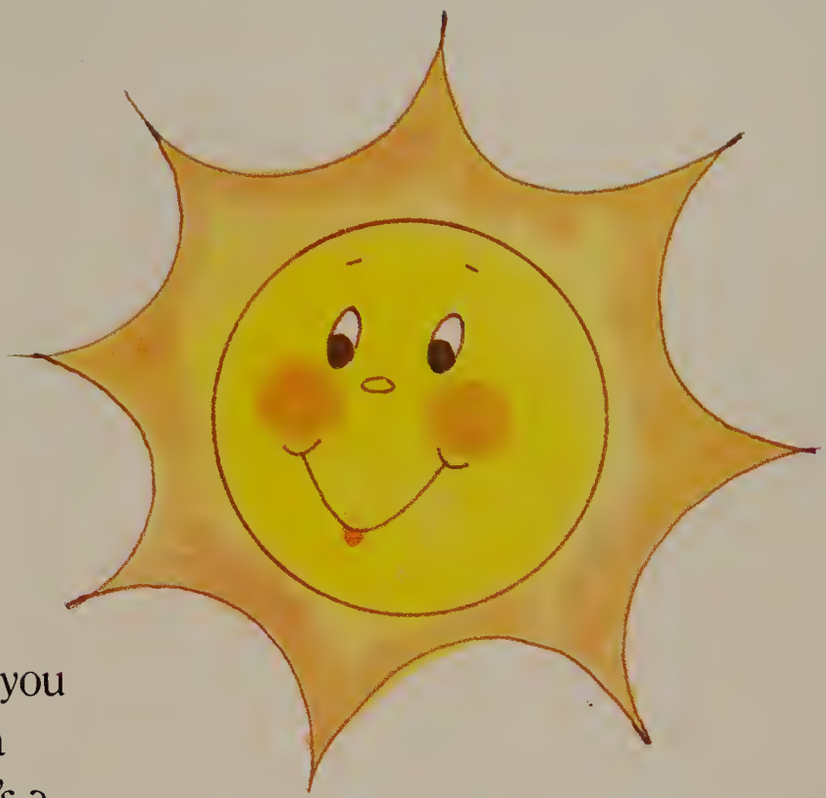
"How about—I know! How about Soufflé?" said Angel Cake.

"Yes, please. Thank you," said Soufflé Skunk.

"Now that you have a name, climb aboard, and lead the way to the picnic," said Strawberry Shortcake with a smile.

"Oh Mister Sun," said Strawberry, as everybody sat down at the picnic party, "today has turned into the perfect place to be!"

"Meow!" said Custard.



"Why Strawberry, don't you know that when you've got a friend to love you, every day's a perfect place to be?" smiled the Sun.

The world of Strawberry Shortcake is a place where friendship grows, and all days begin and end with a smile. It is there that Strawberry Shortcake, her cat, Custard and all their friends have adventures that are bright with sunshine and shiny with cheer. The Purple Pieman may sometimes try one of his naughty tricks, but Strawberry always knows just the right way to make things wonderful again.

The charming episodes in the life of Strawberry and her friends are illustrated in these vivid and lively books. When you open the cover of any one of them you, too, can enter a land where special children laugh and play. It's the place where happiness happens, and it is here for you to enjoy.

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